

## The old Album.

Unnoticed dust cover'd  
Mislaid or conceal'd  
Rest thoughts that the Album  
Alone has revealed.

In the heart's deep recesses,  
Glow embers of thought,  
That are kindled unbidden,  
In imagery wrought.

In the mind's deep seclusion  
Lie hidden secure,  
In the long treasur'd casket,  
Gems sparkling and pure.

There are currents that flow  
From the well springs of life,  
That rise above passion  
And hatred and strife.

Then refer to the record,  
Tho' transient in thought,  
Recall'd by the Album,  
Too often forgot.

As light dispels darkness  
There breaks on the mind,  
Like gleamings of sunshine,  
Pure thoughts unconfined.

Enshrine'd in affection,  
No words can disclose,  
The fullness that's hidden  
Where heart thoughts repose.

P. B. W.